But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me,
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neare, lay hand on hart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be forſworne.
Exit.

Iu. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes
That ſees into the bottome of my greefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.
Exit.

Iu. O God, ô Nurſe, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth? comfort me, counſaile me:
Alack, alack, that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſayſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtraith.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romios a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very hart,

I thinke you are happie in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here, and you no vſe of him.
Iu. Speakſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too, elſe beſhrew them both.
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well thou haſt comforted me maruellous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſsion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, ô moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir: the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde?
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir, her father counts it daungerous
That ſhe do giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares.
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone
May be put from her by ſocietie.